

# Good Morning 283

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch  
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)



## L.S. Harold Crankshaw? Here's John's Picture

THERE was no real reason picture depicting the soul of why that cloud of depression should have descended nobler world beyond the ken of upon the photographer and we ordinary, commonplace creatures being lost for ever to myself as we climbed somewhat posterity.

For it had been like stealing the Crown jewels getting this picture for you, Leading Signaller Harold Crankshaw, and we were lucky to get one at all.

When we called at No. 272, Victoria Road, Horwich, near Bolton, Lancashire, we were just a little late—for your brother, Mr John Crankshaw, was due to start back for work after his lunch-hour break.

At that time, when we made a rash and reckless decision to interview him instead at his works, I was still happy and peaceful, and filled with a quiet sort of good humour.

I said that the locomotive works where your brother wields spanners and crowbars and oil-cans was the place to get unusual pictures. I spoke of the works as a photographers' paradise—where strong men swing heavy hammers against the wheels of giant engines. Think, I said, of your camera catching the flying sparks and the glistening sweat on honest, noble faces.

"We won't be allowed," said the photographer bluntly. The photographer doesn't waste words.

We spoke to the man at the gate. We'd have to see the commissioner. We saw the commissioner. He was very polite, but we'd have to wait for the manager. No, the manager wasn't in.

"Just imagine," I said to the photographer, "pictures of our man standing in the rays of the setting sun, leaning on a massive sledge-hammer, with his face gazing serenely into the Future. . ." "We'll not get 'em," said the photographer.

The chief clerk arrived with your brother. We could talk to him as much as we wanted. But we couldn't take pictures in the works. He was very sorry, but it wasn't allowed.

We took our man out of the works—on to the pavement outside. We felt like spies in a thrilling novel smuggling our man through the enemy's gates.

The photographer took his picture, and as we went away I said something about a



## Plastics is New World's answer

NIGHT and day, in laboratories all over the world, scientists are working hard developing the scope and value of plastics.

Fountain pens, pencils, spectacles, lamp-standard switches, drinking cups, studs, and car fittings, these are but a few things we associate with plastics. But amazing new developments will enable us all to restock our homes with many essentials at the moment in short supply.

Furniture, house fittings—even the houses themselves—will be produced from plastics. Already in Switzerland they have produced a plastic, the chief ingredients of which are sawdust and rubber, from which can be made ceilings.

These solid ceilings, amazing as it may sound, can be rolled up and moved from house to house.

Toymakers, too, think plastic will play a big part in their post-war production plans when large number of toys will be demanded by children who have been without for so long.

The plastic business which was developed over sixty years ago, promises to become a major industry in the near future. To list the types of plastics, old and new, would fill a great part of this issue of "Good Morning."

As an example, last year a catalogue of plastics issued in the United States covered 860 pages! A famous American manufacturer's definition of plastic goods is the best ever given:

"Plastics are man-made chemical combinations of nature's raw materials. They are solid at ordinary temperatures, but when heated become soft and pliable. When moulded under pressure they take any desired shape and retain it."

The development of a new plastic called "Thermocast" was recently announced by the Chemical Engineering Company of the Columbia University. It is as hard as steel, but lighter, and opens up very great possibilities for the future.

### PLANE PLASTIC.

In days to come it is probable that we shall have a plane, made of large sections stamped out as a whole, on large plastic forms, much the same as a car body has been made in one piece.

British manufacturers have been using plastics with success in many spheres. The time may not be so very far off when we shall ride in a plane made of plastic materials, driven by plastic engines three times as light as an ordinary motor, and fed by synthetic petrol! A plastic plane may become the "Little Man's Own" when civil flying develops after the war.

The British Plastics Federation's objectives are to control manufacture and so avoid unhealthy booms. A short time ago it was revealed that about half a million people were employed in Britain on the pro-

duction of plastic goods. This number has no doubt been increased.

After the war it will offer employment for many more thousands.

During 1914-18, when there was an acute shortage of vital raw materials, one of the first jobs tackled by the research chemists was the production of artificial shellac.

It was discovered by impregnating ordinary paper with certain acids you could produce a hard substance with remarkable chemical properties.

By placing several layers of paper upon each other and impregnating with synthetic resin under terrific pressure, an artificial board, much harder than wood, was obtained. That was one of the first commercial plastics.

### AN ACID DROP.

The uses to which carbolic acid can be applied are many. If mixed in small quantities with "wood flour" for instance, it will make good solid substances suitable for the manufacture of ash-trays. When mixed with asbestos and pressed, a terrifically strong board with high fire-resisting qualities can be obtained.

In the past plastic goods never attracted many people because they looked so "plain." Chemists, however, have now produced ways and means of making them colourful and attractive.

They have even produced a glass that is clearer than ordinary glass. In addition,

By Henry O'Neill

a glass that does not splinter has come out of the test-tubes.

This has proved very useful to the R.A.F. for aircraft turbines and "blisters." After the war this glass will almost certainly enter the optical field, for it enables lenses for cameras and spectacles to be moulded at a much lower cost than to-day. The lenses will also be unbreakable.

It has also been suggested that the optical properties of this very wonderful plastic may also be used to transmit sunshine from the roof of buildings to interior rooms. Thus sunshine will be "laid on" in the same way as electricity and water!

Synthetic rubber is also a plastic, and it is playing a big part in the war effort since we lost our vital source of raw material in the Far East.

Although there are five different kinds of synthetic rubber, one stands out because it has proved more resistant to corrosion by oil than natural rubber. Some experts think that this, reinforced with steel wire, may well provide the plumbing of the future. No more burst pipes!

Nylon, one of the newest and best plastics, is made from coal, and authorities have stated that if this is properly developed it could add £100,000,000 to our national income.

## "Me name is fighting Fitzgerald," he said

### THIS BHOOY SCARED LONDON

ADMIRAL KEITH STEWART was one of the prominent members of Brookes' Club, the most exclusive in London during the latter half of the 18th century. It was Brookes' to which Beau Brummell belonged.

You couldn't become a member unless you were of the highest "quality," and even then you had to wait your turn.

One day in June, 1785, Admiral Stewart was walking down St. James's Street when he was met by George Robert Fitzgerald.

"Good day to you," said Robert George. "Are you on your way to the club?"

"I am on my way," replied the Admiral drily.

"I was thinking of becoming a member," said Fitzgerald calmly. "I have been looking for you."

"What do you want with me?" asked the Admiral. "I takes place."

"I want you to propose me as a member," smiled Fitz-

gerald. Great was the surprise when

The Admiral coughed. He Fitzgerald's name appeared on

was a brave man, but he said the list of candidates, backed afterwards that he had never by Admiral Stewart, who explained to the committee that he couldn't do otherwise, for

Fitzgerald had played with his sword-hilt as he asked to be proposed.

The committee took the matter to the ballot. Late that night they cast their verdict. Every member threw the black ball!

The voting was hardly finished when a waiter knocked on the door of the room and announced that Fitzgerald was below, waiting to hear that he was a member.

He was the fastest man with a sword or pistol in Europe; and he was fast otherwise, too—so fast that everybody avoided him and nobody dared to quarrel with him.

He swaggered his way, hav-

armed constables to be on the premises for the future.

But, all the same, Fitzgerald boasted throughout London that he was now a member of Brookes's.

That he was a bully there is ample evidence. Yet he came of a good family. His father, George Fitzgerald, was a big landowner in County Mayo, and had married Lady Mary Hervey, daughter of the Earl of Bristol.

Fighting Fitzgerald was educated at Eton, then joined the Royal Navy and rose to the rank of Captain. He "fought his way in and out of the Service."

Then he eloped to Paris with an Irish heiress, Miss Connolly, became a friend of the Comte d'Artois, engaged in many duels, and had to leave Paris. Nobody ever knew what became of his bride.

Shortly after the Brookes' affair he left London for Dublin, where he got into trouble with a legislator named McDonnell. Now, McDonnell was a good swordsman, but Fitzgerald hired a ruffian called Murphy to assassinate McDonnell. The attempt failed.

In the meantime Fitzgerald quarrelled with a man in a club in Dublin and ran him through the body with his sword for accusing him (Fitzgerald) of cheating at cards.

A warrant for the arrest of Fitzgerald was made out, whereupon he submitted to ar-

rest on October 4th, 1792, but asked for "a long day" to settle his affairs. This was a legal term then.

Fearing that he would escape, or use influence to get free, an angry crowd broke into his house at Brecknock and wrecked it, destroying the contents.

They found Fighting Fitzgerald hiding under a heap of mattresses and hauled him out to hang him.

The rope broke three times, but at length he was "swung." His relatives were allowed to take the body down; but at "the wake" held in the ruined house the only candles lighted were two stuck in empty bottles. The entire house had been laid waste by the infuriated mob.

And that was the end of Fighting Fitzgerald, the bully who frightened both Paris and London society.

Peter Prendergast

Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

## CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS. 1 Piece of work.



## CLUES DOWN.

1 Machinery cam. 2 Bronze. 3 Condition. 4 Know. 6 Response. 7 Tilt. 8 Central part. 9 Lands. 10 Require. 12 Corded fabric. 18 Divert. 21 Baronet's title. 23 Part of table. 25 Peak. 26 On the right. 27 Tooth. 28 Scent. 30 Apart. 31 Trace of colour. 32 Truth. 34 Tree. 37 Grazed. 39 Toy.

SMACK CLUMP  
TILE PROSE  
ACORN ABUTS  
GENTIAN ART  
E GILL GLEE  
V FEIGN A  
COSY CAUSED  
LIT WEB PLY  
ALIBI BRAD  
MELON LINEN  
S LODGED RE

I.S. Newcombe  
Short odd—But true

Surnames were not used in England before the Norman Conquest. The elder Normans used the word "Fitz," signifying son, as FitzWilliam. The "O" of the Irish meant grandson, as O'Connor, while the Scottish Highlanders used "Mac" for son, as MacKenzie and MacIntosh. Among the English the word "son" itself was simply added to the father's name, as Johnson, Robertson and Simpson. When surnames came into use they generally referred to occupation, place or residence, or personal characteristic, and this style of naming is responsible for the great majority of existing surnames.

The Victoria Cross carries with it a pension of £10 a year for non-commissioned officers and men.

Several kinds of animals are supposed to be weather prophets. At the approach of rain the cows lie down, the cat will wash over its ears, and the donkey brays. Sheep in mountainous districts change their feeding ground to the lee side of the hill before the coming of gales. Further signs of rain are these: Bees hurry home; domestic geese fly without any apparent reason; ducks wander on to the grass fields in search of snails; garden spiders spin only short threads; the swallow flies low; the rooks won't leave home, but hover noisily over the trees; and fish won't come to the surface to feed.

8. In what games do we use the expressions (a) "Love," (b) "Duck"?

9. In what song did the heroine wear number nine shoes?

10. What is a female sheep called?

11. What was the name of King Arthur's sword?

12. Name four poets whose names begin with S.

Answers to Quiz  
in No. 282

1. Ancient Spanish coin.

2. (a) Jack London, (b) Stanley Weyman.

3. Sparrow stays in England in winter; others migrate.

4. (a) Delano, (b) Spencer.

5. The "downer."

6. Lord Derby, with Herringbone.

7. Clarinet.

8. William Shakespeare, Walter Scott, William Shenstone, Walter Skeat, etc.

9. Fellow of the Royal Geographical Society.

10. A philatelist.

11. Stanley.

12. (a) Coverley, (b) John.

QUIZ  
for today

1. In what Government Office would you find the "Surveyor of the Meltings and Clerk of the Irons"?

2. Who wrote (a) Old St. Paul's, (b) Old Junk?

3. Which of the following is an intruder and why: Sheep, Goat, Horse, Cow, Deer, Giraffe, Llama?

4. In what game is it necessary for four bishops to take part?

5. Who wrote the music of the Lambeth Walk?

6. How many people went into the Ark?

7. Which of the following are mis-spelt: Monogamist, Migrant, Marmosette, Manifold, Miscriant?

JANE



TO-DAY'S PICTURE QUIZ



WHAT IS IT?

# The Mysterious Sketch

By EMILE ERCKMANN

OPPOSITE the chapel of Saint Sebalt in Nuremberg, at the corner of Trabaus Street, there stands a little tavern, tall and narrow, with a toothed gable and dusty windows, whose roof is surmounted by a plaster Virgin. It was there that I spent the unhappiest days of my life.

I had gone to Nuremberg to study the old German masters; but, in default of ready money, I had to paint portraits—and such portraits! Fat old women with their cats on their laps, big-wigged aldermen, burgomasters in three-cornered hats—all horribly bright with ochre and vermilion.

Nothing is more annoying than to have your landlord come to you every day with pinched lips, shrill voice, and impudent manner, to say, "Well, sir, how soon are you going to pay me? Do you know how much your bill is? No, that doesn't worry you! You eat, drink, and sleep calmly enough."

Those who have not heard anyone talk in this way can form no idea of it. You become awkward and timid; all your energy evaporates, as well as your feeling of personal dignity, and you bow respectfully at a distance to the burgo-master Schneegans.

One night, not having a sou, as usual, and threatened with imprisonment by this worthy Mister Rap, I determined to make him a bankrupt by cutting my throat.

Seated on my narrow bed, opposite the window, in this agreeable mood, I gave myself up to a thousand philosophical reflections, more or less comforting. "What is man?" I asked myself. "An omnivorous animal; his jaws, provided with canines, incisors and molars, prove it. The canines are made to tear meat; the incisors to bite fruits; and the molars to masticate, grind and triturate animal and vegetable substances that are pleasant to smell and to taste.

"But when he has nothing to masticate, this being is an absurdity in Nature, a superfluity, a fifth wheel to the coach."

Such were my reflections. I dared not open my razor for fear that the invincible force of my logic would inspire me with the courage to make an end of it all. After having argued so finely, I blew out my candle, postponing the sequel to the morrow.

That abominable Rap had completely stupefied me. I could do nothing but silhouettes, and my sole desire was to have some money to rid myself of his odious presence.

But on this night a singular change came over my mind. I awoke about one o'clock—I lit my lamp, and, enveloping myself in my gray gabardine, I drew upon the paper a rapid sketch after the Dutch school—something strange and bizarre, which had not the slightest resemblance to my ordinary conceptions.

Imagine a dreary courtyard enclosed by high dilapidated walls. These walls are furnished with hooks, seven or eight feet from the ground. You see, at a glance, that it is a butchery.

On the left there extends a lattice structure; you perceive through it a quartered beef suspended from the roof by enormous pulleys. Great pools

of blood run over the flagstones and unite in a ditch full of refuse.

At the back of this place is a shed, beneath the shed a pile of wood, and upon the pile of wood some ladders, a few bundles of straw, some coils of rope, a chicken-coop, and an old dilapidated rabbit-hutch.

How did these heterogeneous details suggest themselves to my imagination?

I don't know; I had no reminiscences, and yet every stroke of the pencil seemed the result of observation, and strange because it was all so true. Nothing was lacking.

But on the right, one corner of the sketch remained a blank. I did not know what to put there...

Something suddenly seemed to writhe there, to move! Then I saw a foot, the sole of a foot. This foot was joined to a leg—over this leg, stretched out with effort, there soon floated the skirt of a dress.

In short, there appeared by degrees an old woman, pale, dishevelled and wasted, thrown

high, bony forehead, had something severe about it.

He bowed to me gravely.

"Mister Christian Vénus, the painter?" said he.

"That is my name, sir."

He bowed again, adding:

"The Baron Frederick Van Spreckdal.

The appearance of the rich amateur, Van Spreckdal, judge of the criminal court, in my poor lodging, greatly disturbed me. I could not help throwing a stealthy glance at my old, worm-eaten furniture, my damp hangings and my dusty floor.

I felt humiliated by such dilapidation; but Van Spreckdal did not seem to take any account of these details, and sitting down at my little table:

"Mister Vénus," he resumed.

"I come—But at this instant his glance fell upon the unfinished sketch—he did not finish his phrase.

I was sitting on the edge of my little bed, and the sudden attention that this personage bestowed upon one of my productions made my heart beat with an indefinable apprehension.

At the end of a minute Van Spreckdal lifted his head:

"Are you the author of that sketch?" he asked me, with an intent look.

"Yes, sir."

"What is the price of it?"

"I never sell my sketches."

It is the plan for a picture."

"Ah!" said he, picking up

Tis expectation makes a blessing dear;  
Heaven were not heaven if we knew what it were.

John Suckling  
(1609-1642).

The silence was so profound that I could distinctly hear the plaintive buzzing of a fly that had been caught in a spider's web.

"And the dimensions of this picture, Mister Vénus?" he said, without looking at me.

"Three feet by four."

And I went to bed again, thoroughly frightened by my vision.

The next morning I got up very early. I was dressing in order to resume my interrupted work when two little knocks were heard on my door.

"Come in!"

The door opened. An old man, tall, thin, and dressed in black, appeared on the threshold.

This man's face, his eyes set close together and his large nose like the beak of an eagle, surmounted by a

"The price?"

"Fifty ducats."

Van Spreckdal laid the sketch on the table, and drew from his pocket a large purse of green silk shaped like a pear; he drew the rings of it.

"Fifty ducats," said he, "here they are."

I was simply dazzled.

The Baron rose and bowed to me, and I heard his big ivory-headed cane resounding on each step until he reached the bottom of the stairs.

Then, recovering from my stupor, I suddenly remembered that I had not thanked him, and I flew down the five flights like lightning, but when I reached the bottom I looked to the right and left. The street was deserted.

"Well!" I said. "This is strange."

And I went upstairs again all out of breath.

(To be continued)

## WANGLING WORDS—238

1. Join a man and an insect, and make a hard stone.

2. Rearrange the letters of RUB A CHEST to make a European capital.

3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change YORK into CITY, FROG into FISH, GIVE into LEAND, STEAL, STEAK.

4. How many four-letter and five-letter words can you make from CHASTISEMENT?

## Answers to Wangling Words—No. 237

1. ARTILLERY.

2. MESOPOTAMIA.

3. CHOPS, SHOPS, SHOTS, SPOTS, SPITS, SPIES, SPIED, SPEED, STEED, STEEL, STEAL, STEAK.

4. OVEN, OVER, AVER, APER, APED, SPEED, SHED, SHOD, SHOT, SHUT.

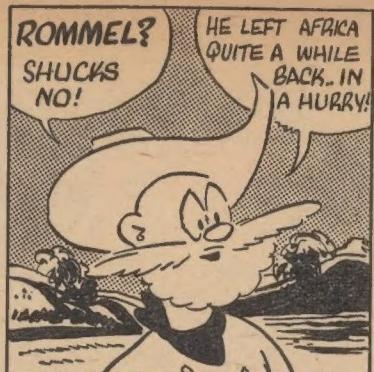
FLAT, FEAT, BEAT, BEAN, LEAN, LOAN, LOON, LOOM, ROOM.

ROAD, LOAD, LEAD, LEND, LAND, LANE, LAME, CAME, COME, ROME.

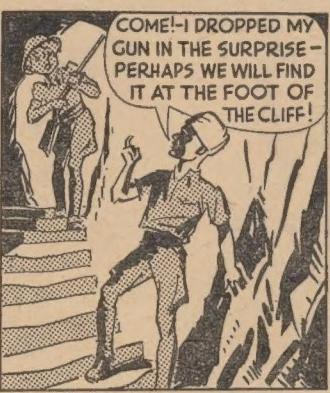
5. VILE, LIVE, EVIL, DICE, DIVE, VIED, SIDE, LIES, SLID, SLED, VICE, LICE, ICED, ISLE, ETC.

CIVIL, LIVID, DEVIL, LIVED, SLIDE, DIVES, LIVES, ETC.

## BEELZEBUB JONES



## BELINDA



## POPEYE



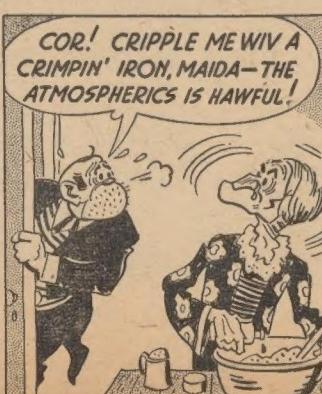
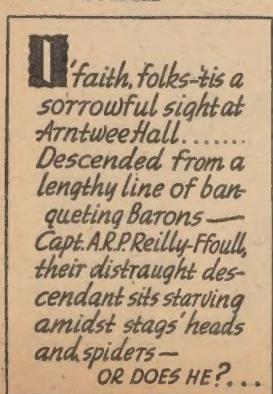
## RUGGLES



## GARTH



## JUST JAKE



## Murder NO Dream

By Alexander Dilke

A KENTUCKY girl, charged with the murder of her father and her brother recently, put in the defence that she shot them in a nightmare. She told the court that she dreamt she heard the sound of a shot, went to her father's room, and saw a figure in there. She went downstairs to find a pistol, and, returning, fired at the figure, later going to her brother's room and firing in there.

When she came out of her nightmare, she found herself talking to her mother, with her father and brother dead in their beds.

The great difficulties of proving all this are obvious. No one but the person concerned can say what was dreamed. But judges and juries in the past have on occasion accepted their account of what happened.

When President Roosevelt was Governor of New York he had to consider the case of Ernest Duane, who had been convicted for the homicide of Eula Davis.

Davis had been acting as guide to Duane, and they were camped together one night when Duane dreamed he had killed Davis. He woke up and found that he had.

The jury convicted him, but Governor Roosevelt, after consultation with experts, found the evidence of Duane that he was sleep-walking and therefore did not know what he was doing so that he pardoned him. In this instance Duane was able to prove that he had absolutely no motive for killing.

## BOY BURGLAR.

Cases are easier to study where the crime is not murder. Some years ago, Professor A. E. Heath, of Swansea University, described how a boy of eleven had committed a series of expert burglaries in his sleep.

He was eventually traced by the police, and when questioned, replied, "Yes, I didn't do them, but I dreamed about them."

Although the burglaries were expert, the methods were not like those of any known burglars. The tools used were those the boy had for work at school.

A man charged at Bristol Assizes in 1936 successfully pleaded sleep-walking. In discharging him, Mr. Justice Charles said, "I should be careful if I were you, or you might wander about and do someone harm. You should get your brother or someone to sleep with you and stay awake all night if possible."

Dr. Walford Bodie recorded the case of a man who tried to commit suicide while asleep. He was seen by a neighbour walking in his garden half an hour after he had gone up to bed. Next morning he was found unconscious in bed with a bullet wound in his head.

## WHY SLEEP-WALK?

Sleep-walking in some adults is an early sign of "split" personality and other serious mental diseases, sufferers from which at times are not responsible for their actions. It seems not unreasonable, therefore, that they might have dreams so vivid that they acted them out.

Fortunately, in recent years delicate electrical apparatus has been devised capable of measuring these "brain-storms," which give characteristic signs even when the subject seems outwardly normal.

Two remarkable cases of murder in sleep occurred in the U.S. some years ago. In one case in Kansas, a woman sleep-walker stumbled against a chair and woke up her husband, or half-woke him. He thought she was a burglar, and taking a revolver from under his pillow, shouted, "Stop, or I fire." The woman, being asleep, did not hear him, and went on. He fired and killed her.

In another case, in Texas, a young wife was found shot dead in bed. Her husband said that he was awakened by a shot and saw his wife wounded beside him. At the foot of the bed, fast asleep, was their eight-year-old son. In his hands was a shotgun, with smoke still coming from the barrel.

Although the prosecution tried to prove that the man had killed his wife for her insurance, the jury believed his story and acquitted him.

In 1938, a man who had killed another at Grancie, Croatia, was found not guilty. The man's story was that he suffered from terrible nightmares as a result of war experiences. On the night in question he dreamed he was at grips with his enemy and awoke to find himself, knife in hand, struggling with his comrade. He was sent to a mental hospital.

But all these cases are, of course, exceptional. Not one vivid dreamer or sleep-walker in a million does any harm to himself or anyone else.

Science has provided a new form of protection. A photo-electric cell "fence" of invisible light is arranged round the sleeper's bed. He cannot get out of it without ringing an alarm to wake someone who can look after him.

## ODD QUOTES

Every man who is high up loves to think that he has done it all himself; and the wife smiles, and lets it go at that. It's our only joke. Every woman knows that.

Sir J. M. Barrie.

Wiv a ladder and some glasses,  
You could see to 'Ackney Marshes,  
If it wasn't for the 'ouses in between.  
Edgar Bateman.

There's something wrong with our bloody ships to-day, Chatfield.  
Earl Beatty, at the Battle of Jutland, 1917.

# Good Morning

## SITTING PRETTY!

Charming M.G.M.  
Star, Donna Reed,  
finds a place in  
the Sun, during  
intervals between  
"shooting"

## This England

It may not have the elegance of Cowes, but there's no mistaking the dignity of this Thames barge, nosing its way up river.



"Well, maybe he didn't want to take me out this time—I did behave rather badly. Gee, but what a lesson!"



"They're such great friends (?) that they are the kind of persons likely to go blind, watching each other."

THEY SIMPLY  
LAP IT UP, YOU  
KNOW

### OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"A picture of innocence?"

